(No. 1.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. } (*Saul.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. How excellent. }
DUET. Laudamus *Negri.*
RECIT. Zebul, thy deeds. }
SONG. His mighty arm. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. In glory high. }
SONG. Se a librarsi. (*La Passione.*) *Vinci.*
CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3. *Geminiani.*
SONG. Donzelle semplici. *Gluck.*
CHORUS. Immortal Lord. (*Deborah.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE 7th. Op. 8. *Martini.*
CHORUS. Great is Jehovah. }
TRIO and CHORUS. And with songs. } *Marcello.*
SONG. Sento il cor. (*Sosarmes.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis. *Negri.*
RECIT. accom. Deeper and deeper. } (*Jephthah*) *Handel.*
SONG. Waft her Angels. }
CONCERTO 5th, Grand. *Handel.*
QUARTET and CHORUS. Concinamus. *Reading.*
SONG. In te spero o sposa. *Hasse.*
RECIT. Accomp. Apollo comes. } (*Semele.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Happy, happy, shall we. }

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliah's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppoſe.

TRIO-CHORUS.

Along the monſter Atheist strode,
With more than human pride;
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength defy'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord,
With ease the boaster slew;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

HALLELUJAH.

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON. *Negri.*

Laudamus Te, benedicimus Te, adoramus Te, glorificamus Te.

RCEIT. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Zebul, thy deeds were valiant, nor less thine, my Hamor, but the glory is the Lord's.

SONG.

His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe:
They fell before him, as when through the ſky,
He bids the sweeping winds in vengeance fly.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

In glory high, in might serene,
He sees, moves all, unmov'd, unseen;
His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (La Passione.)
Vinci.

Se a librarsi in mezzo all' onde
Incomincia il fanciulletto,
Con la man gli regge il petto
Il canuto nuotator.
Poi si scosta, e attento il mira;
Ma, se tema in lui comprende,
Lo sostiene e lo riprende,
Del suo facile timor. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 1st. Opera 3. *Geminiani.*

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Donzelle semplici, no, non credete
A quelle lagrime che voi vedrete
Su gli occhi spargersi del traditor:

Più che son flebili i suoi sospiri;
Più par che s'agiti, e che deliri,
Meno quel perfido commosso ha il cor.

Ah! per difendervi contro quell' Empio,
Donzelle semplici, vi sian d'esempio
E le mie smanie, e il mio rossor.

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,
Whose wonders all around us rise;
Whose anger, when it awful glows,
To swift perdition dooms thy foes.

O grant a leader to our host,
Whose name with honor we may boast;
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
And break our proud oppressor's chain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 7. Opera 8. *Martini.*

CHORUS. *Marcello.*

GREAT is Jehovah and highly to be praised.

TRIO. Mr. W. KNYVETT, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

And with songs I will celebrate the name of Jehovah most high.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (SOSARMES.) *Handel.*

Sento il cor che lieto gode
Di trovar sì bella frode
Perche ancor la disprezzò.
S'alzi pur orrido nembo
Di tempeste, il core in grembo.
Sosterrà ciò che formò. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Negri.*

Gloria in excelsis; Deo gloria.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.)

Handel.

Deeper, and deeper ſtill, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my fault'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whiſper it to the raging winds,
Or howling desarts;—for the ears of men
It is too ſhocking.—Yet, have I not vow'd,
And can I think the great JEHOVAH sleeps,
Like Chemosh, and such fabled Deities?—
Ah! no:—Heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote them down:
It must be so!—'tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness.——
————————————Horrid thought!
My only daughter;—ſo dear a child,
Doom'd by a father!—Yes,—the vow is paſt,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes;—
Therefore,—to-morrow's dawn——I can no more.

SONG.

Waft her, angels, through the ſkies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 5th. (GRAND.) *Handel*

QUARTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. KNYVETT, HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN.

Concinamus, O sodales!
Eja! quid silemus!
Nobile canticum
Dulce, melos Domum
Dulce Domum reſonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Appropinquat ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Ridet annus; prata rident
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena
Nosqui domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Hasse.*

In te spero o sposo amato,
Fido a te la sorte mia,
E per te qualunque sia,
Sempre cara a me sàra.

Perche a me nel morir mio.
Il piacer non sia negato,
Di vantar che tua son io,
Il morir mi piacerà. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. accompanied, Mr. HARRISON. (SEMELE.)

Handel.

Apollo comes to relieve your care,
And future happiness declare;
From Semele's ashes a Phœnix shall rise,
The joy of this earth and delight of the skies:
A God he shall prove,
More mighty than Love,
And sighing and sorrow for ever remove.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy shall we be,
And free from care, and sorrow free.
Guiltless pleasures we'll enjoy,
Virtuous Love will never cloy.
All that's good and just we'll prove,
And Bacchus crown the joys of Love.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

(No. 2.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Esther.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Glorious Patron. (*Gideon.*) *Handel.*
SONG. O Lord, have mercy upon me. *Pergolesi.*
QUINTETTO. All that is inHamor. (*Jephthah*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st. Op. 8. *Martini.*
CHORUS. Vien Imeneo fra voi. (*Imeneo.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Non vi turbate, no. (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*
RECIT. Thus far our cause.
RECIT. accomp. O thou bright orb. } (*Joshua*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Behold the list'ning.

ACT II.

OVERTURE (*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Pious Orgies. (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. See the proud chief. (*Deborah.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. accom. Ye twice ten. } (*IndianQueen.*) *Purcell.*
SONG. By the croaking.
CONCERTO 8th. *Corelli.*
SONG. Cara sposa. (*Radamistus.*) *Handel.*
DUET and CHORUS. I will give thanks. *Marcello.*
SONG. Vo solcando. *Vinci.*
CHORUS. The Lord our enemy. (*Esther.*) *Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.
(GIDEON.) *Handel.*

GLORIOUS Patron, glorious Hero,
The delight of heav'n confess'd;
Blessed be, O Lord, thy holy name
For ever and ever. Amen.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Pergolesi.*

O Lord, have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble; my strength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord! I have said, thou art my God.

QUINTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. W. KNYVETT, HARRISON, KNYVETT, and SALE. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Iphis. All that is in HAMOR mine,
Freely I to Heaven resign:

Hamor. All that is in IPHIS mine,
Freely I to Heaven resign.

Iphis. Duteous to the Will supreme,
Still my HAMOR I'll esteem.

Hamor. Duteous to th' Almighty power,
Still my IPHIS I'll adore.

Storge.
Jephthah.
Zebul. } Joys triumphant crown thy days,
And thy name eternal praise.

CONCERTO 1st. Opera 8th. *Martini.*

CHORUS. (IMENEO.) *Handel.*

Vien Imeneo fra voi
Sperate Amanti,
E vien con esso Amor
Godete o Cori.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Non vi turbate, nò
Pietosi Dei!
Se a voi m' involerò
Qualche momento.
Anche senza il rigor
De voti miei
Io moriro d'amor,
E di contento.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

Thus far our cause is favour'd by the Lord;
Advance, pursue—Jehovah is the word.

RECIT. Accomp. Mr. KNYVETT.

O thou bright Orb, great ruler of the day!
Stop thy swift course, and over Gideon stay;
And oh! thou milder lamp of light, the Moon,
Stand still, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

CHORUS.

Behold the list'ning sun the voice obeys,
And in mid Heaven his rapid motion stays;
Before our arms the scatter'd nations fly,
Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

PIOUS orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

See the proud chief advances now
With sullen march and gloomy brow.
Jacob, arise, assert thy God,
And scorn oppression's iron rod.

RECIT. Accompanied. Mr. BARTLEMAN.
(INDIAN QUEEN.) *Purcell.*

Ye twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice;
Ye pow'rs that dwell with fate below
And see what men are doom'd to do;
Where elements in discord dwell;
Thou, God of Sleep, arise and tell,
Tell great Zempoalla what strange fate
Must on her dismal vision wait.

AIR.

By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that makes abode,
Earthy dun that pants for breath;
With her swell'd sides full of death;
By the crested adder's pride,
That along the cliffs doth glide;
By thy visage fierce and black,
By the death's head on thy back;
By the twisted serpents plac'd
For a girdle round thy waist;
By the hearts of gold that deck
Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck;
From thy sleeping mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes;
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That used to lull thee in thy sleep.

CONCERTO 8th. *Corelli.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (RADAMISTUS.) *Handel.*

Cara sposa, amato bene
Prendi spene
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil core,
Il dolore che'l vederti, lagrimar,
Fà tremar lo spirto é'l pie.

Da Capo.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS. *Marcello.*

I will give thanks unto the Lord according to his righteousness.

I will sing praises unto the name of the Lord most high.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Vinci.*

Vo solcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza sarte;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguitar,
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abandonato:
Meco è sola l'Innocenza
Che mi porta a naufragar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

The Lord our enemy has slain;
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a chearful strain;

QUINTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Sing songs of praise, bow down the knee,
The worship of our God is free.

CHORUS.

The Lord our enemy has slain ;
Ye sons of Jacob sing a chearful strain ;
For ever blessed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his praise proclaim.

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON.

The Lord his people shall restore,
And we in Salem shall adore.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his praise proclaim.

DUET. Mr. BARTLEMAN and Mr. SALE.

Mount Lebanon his firs resigns;
Defcend ye cedars, haste ye pines,
To build the Temple of the Lord,
For God his people has restor'd.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his praise proclaim.

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. 3.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and CHORUS. (*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*
TRIO. Like a bright Cherub. (*Gideon.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Oft on a plat. (*L'Allegro.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 5th. *Corelli.*
SONG. Let the dreadful engines. *Purcell.*
VERSE and CHORUS. All people.
RECIT. Ye sacred priests. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Farewel ye limpid. }
CHORUS. Gird on thy sword. (*Saul.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*
Ye sons of Israel. }
MADRIGAL. Dissi all 'amata. *Luca Marenzio.*
RECIT. Behold the nations. }
CHORUS. O Baal, monarch. } (*Deborah.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. No more ye infidels. }
CHORUS. Lord of eternity. }
SONG. Rendi il sereno. (*Sosarmes.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st. (*from Select Harmony.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. If I give thee. }
SONG. Let me wander. } (*L'Allegro.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. And young and old. }
SONG. Lascia amor. (*Orlando.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Hallelujah. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*

☞ Wednesday *the* 1*st of* March *being* Ash-Wednesday, *and* Wednesday *the* 8*th of* March *being the Day appointed for a* General Fast, *the* FOURTH CONCERT *will be on* Friday *the* 10*th of* March.

On Account of the Death of Madame BANTI's Mother, she is unable to attend her Duty this Evening.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

O THE pleasures of the plains,
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr. W. KNYVETT. (GIDEON.) *Handel.*

Like a bright cherub, some mortal befriending,
Mercy now glides from the empyreal throne:
Hope, her wing'd herald, glad omens portending,
With joy and blessing this conquest to crown.

Great is the victor, all rancour resigning,
Raising the conquer'd with unlook'd-for joy;
To the sweet dictates of mercy inclining,
When fate vouchsafes him the power to destroy.

Thus, when the night, all in darkness involving,
Holds for a while her disconsolate reign,
Sol's radiant beams the thick vapours dissolving,
Burst through the gloom and give daylight again.

SONG. Mr. NIELD, (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound;
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers thro' the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

CONCERTO 5th. *Corelli.*

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Purcell.*

Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,
The thunder roar, and crooked lightning kill;
My rage is hot as their's, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.

Or let the frozen North its rancour show,
Within my breast far greater tempests grow,
Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing warm me? yes, Lucinda's eyes;
There, Etna; there, Vesuvius lies,
To furnish hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies!

Ye powers, I did but use her name,
And see how all the meteors flame!
Blue lightning flashes round the court of Sol,
And now the globe more fiercely burns, than once
at Phaeton's fall.

Ah! where are now those flow'ry groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?
Where guarded by a troop of loves,
The fair Lucinda sleeping lay:

There sung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay;
We ne'er grew sad, 'till it grew dark;
And nothing fear'd but short'ning day.

I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate,
Why must I burn for this ingrate;
Cool it, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

Can nothing warm me? yes, Lucinda's eyes;
There, Etna; there, Vesuvius lies,
To furnish hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies!

VERSE and CHORUS.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice;
Him serve with fear; his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make,
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why?—the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were
stained
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of heaven with humble resignation I obey.

SONG.

Farewel ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods;
Farewel thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
  Pursue thy wonted fame;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
  Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd,
  Shall thy obdurate foes dismay;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
  Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. (JOSHUA.)

Handel.

YE sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one last, one great Jehovah's name.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Luca Marenzio,

Dissi all' amata mia
Lucida stella
Che più d'ogn' altra luce
Ed al mio cor adduce
Fiamme, strali e catene,
Ch' ogn' hor mi danno pene;
Deh! morirò cor mio?
Si, morirai,
Ma non per mio desio,

RECIT. Mr. LEETE. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Behold the nations all around,
What God like Baal is renown'd?
To him your stubborn tribes would bow,
Did but the slaves their duty know.

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise!
From thee, the sun immensely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light;
By thee with stars the heavens glow,
The ocean swells, and rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flowers perfume the thicket's shade:
And 'tis by the event confess'd,
Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

No more! ye infidels, no more!
False is the God whom ye adore;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine,
None but such wretches can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor;
Look down! look down! from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known:
Plead the just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (SOSARMES.) *Handel.*

Rendi il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d'alcun periglio,
Oggi come puoi tu? *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 1st. (FROM SELECT HARMONY.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green;
Where the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or, let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
'Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ORLANDO.) *Handel.*

Lascia Amor, e siegue Marte
Và, combatti per la gloria
Sol oblio quel ti comparte.
Questo sol bella memoria. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The Kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

☞ Wednesday *the* 1*st of* March *being* Ash-Wednesday, *and* Wednesday *the* 8*th of* March *being the Day appointed for a* General Faſt, *the* FOURTH CONCERT *will be on* Friday *the* 10*th of* March.

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord Viſcount MALDEN.

Concert of Antient Music,

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. Berenice.		*Handel.*
SONG. Great Jehovah's.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. He sent a thick.		
RECIT. Berenice ove sei.	(*Lucio Vero.*)	*Jomelli.*
SONG. Ombra che pallida.		
FIRST PART of MACBETH.		*Locke.*
CONCERTO 11th.		*Corelli.*
SCENE. (*from Judas Macc.*)		*Handel.*

ACT II.

SECOND PART of MACBETH.		*Locke.*
MADRIGAL. Stay, Corydon.		*Wilbye.*
CHORUS. For unto us a child.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Shall I in Mamre's.	(*Joshua.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. For all these mercies.		
CONCERTO 2d. Grand.		*Handel.*
DUET. Saldi Marmi.		*Steffani.*
RECIT. 'Tis well, six times.	(*Joshua.*)	*Handel.*
MARCH.		
CHORUS. Glory to God.		

N. B. The FIFTH CONCERT *will be on* Wednesday *next*, March 15.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (BERENICE.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

GREAT JEHOVAH'S awful word
Th' afflicted land to rest restor'd,
And calm'd the troubled sky:
Dreadful thunders roll no more,
No lightnings flash, no torrents roar!
And whirlwinds in soft breezes die.

CHORUS.

He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness which might be felt.

He smote all the first-born of Egypt: the chief of all their strength.

But as for his people; he led them forth like sheep:

He brought them out with silver and gold: there was not one feeble person among their tribes.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (LUCIO VERO.)

Jomelli.

Berenice, ove sei?
Qual lugubre apparato
Di Spavento, e di lutto:
Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
Reggio dolente e fiera?
Forse quì di Tieste
Si rinovan le Cene? o langue il giorno
Fuggitivo cosi, perche tra queste
Soglie funeste, oh Dio!
Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio?
Ohimè sogno o son desta?
Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
Del moribondo Sposo?—ahi son pur questi
Gemiti di chi langue;
Singulti di chi spira.—E quell' oscura
Caligine profonda,
De là s'inalza, e mostra
Non so qual simulacro a gli occhi miei—
Quella—si quella—oh Dei gia la ravviso,
E del mio Volageso
L'ombra mesta e dolente!
Ah barbaro tiranno,
Il mio sposo uccidesti,
Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai quì soggiorno;
Larva che squalida
Mi giri intorno;
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice;
In Berenice no pace non v'è.

CONCERTO 11th. *Corelli.*

MASQUE in MACBETH. *Locke.*

FIRST PART.

1st Witch. Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
2d Witch. Long ago, long ago,
Above twelve glasses since have run:
Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Or single, but foll'wing crimes on former wait,
The worst of creatures fastest propagate:
1st Witch. Many more murders must this one ensue,
Dread horrors still abound
In ev'ry place around,
As if in death were found
Propagation new.
He shall, he will,
He must spill
Much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

CHORUS.

He shall, he will,
He must spill
Much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Witch. Now let's dance,
2d Witch. Agreed, agreed:

CHORUS.

Agreed, agreed,
We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

AIR. Mr. SALE.

When cattle die, about we go,
What then when Monarchs perish should we do?

CHORUS.

Rejoice—we should rejoice.

AIR.

When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?

CHORUS.

Rejoice—we should rejoice.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death:
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel;
To some old saw, or bardish rhime,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time:

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we,
And thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance in fens, or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
Or if with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.

CHORUS.

At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from a hollow hill.

SCENE. (FROM JUDAS MACCHABEUS.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECIT. accompanied. Mr. HARRISON.

JUDAS. So will'd my Father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest:

" Can ye behold," ſaid he, " the miseries
" In which the long-insulted Judah lies;
" Can ye behold their dire distress,
" And not, at least, attempt redress?"—
Then, faintly, with expiring breath,
—" Resolve, my Sons, on LIBERTY, or DEATH!"—
We come,—Oh! see thy Sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war;
With hearts intrepid, and revengeful hands,
To execute, O Sire! thy dread commands.

TRIO. Messrs. HARRISON, NIELD, and BARTLEMAN.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy pow'r, O JEHOVAH! all nations may know.

CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy pow'r, O JEHOVAH! all nations may know.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

JUDAS. AMBITION! if e'er honour was thine aim,
Challenge it here!——
The glorious cause gives sanction to thy claim.

SONG.

No unhallow'd desire
Our breasts shall inspire,
Nor lust of unbounded pow'r;
But PEACE to obtain,
FREE Peace let us gain,
And Conquest shall ask no more.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the LORD, our strength and shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord! on thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

MASQUE in MACBETH. *Locke.*

SECOND PART.

CHORUS.

COME away, come away,
Make up the account.

AIR. Mr. SALE, and CHORUS.

Now we go, now we fly,
MALKING, my sweet spirit, and I:
O what a dainty pleasure is this,
To sail in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy, and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over hills, and misty fountains,
Over steeples, towns, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.

CHORUS.

Round, around, around about;
All ill come running in,
All good keep out.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Master WALMESLEY; Messrs. KNYVETT, HARRISON, NIELD, and BARTLEMAN. *Wilbye.*

Stay, Corydon, thou swain,
Talk not so soon of dying;
What though thy heart be slain,
What if thy love be flying:
She threatens thee, but dares not strike;
The nymph is light, and shadow-like,
For if thou follow her, she'll fly from you,
But if thou fly from her, she'll follow thee.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JOSHUA.)

Handel.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain,
The remnant of my days remain?
And is it giv'n to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'n's high King.

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'n's high King.

CONCERTO 2d. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Madame BANTI.

Steffani.

Saldi marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda salma
Ch'ogni dì, più in mezzo all'alma
La mia fede stabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuova desire
Oppor il vostro gelo
O pur morire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Cosi Fille dicea;
Del suo perduto Bene
Rivolto un giorno
Alla bellezza estinta.
Vissella di Fileno
Lunga stagione
In fortunati amori
Ma già le bionde ariste
Quattro volte divise
Aveo dal suolo
Del curvo Mietetor
La falce adunca;
Da ch' ei scendendo a morte
Tra solitarj ardori
Lasciolla in vita.
Non vantar mai tra tanto
Lacci un crin,
Risi un labbro,
O strali un ciglio
Onde il suo cor
O piagato o invaghito
O avvinto fosse.
Mostrolla al fine il caso

Ne' begli occhi di Tirsi
Del amato Filen
Mille sembianze:
Onde fatta incapace
Di resister al bel
Ch' amò una volta;
Risoluta d' amare
Ancora un dì;
Parlando a pensier suoi,
Dissi così;

DUET.

Incostanza! e che pretendi?
Amerò si, ch' amerò.
So ben io come si può
Cangiar amanti,
E non cangiar 'l incende.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

'Tis well! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the dust the town ſhall soon be laid;
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the horns.

AIR and CHORUS.

Glory to God! the strong cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls:
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the
ground. *Da Capo.*

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

The FIFTH CONCERT *will be on* Wednesday *next*, March 15.

(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD,
For Lord Viſcount FITZWILLIAM.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Occasional Oratorio.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. My arms. SONG. Sound an alarm. CHORUS. We hear, we hear.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. O worse than death. SONG. Angels ever bright.	(*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st.		*Corelli.*
RECIT. Ah perchè. SONG. O qual fiamma.	(*Attilio Regolo.*)	*Jomelli.*
CHORUS. See from his post.	(*Belshazzar.*)	*Handel.*
DUET. Tu vuoi ch'io viva.		*Vinci.*
CHORUS. Fix'd in his everlasting.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	(*Ptolomy.*)	*Handel.*
SCENE.	(*from Milton's Morning Hymn.*)	*Galliard.*
SCENE.	(*from King Arthur.*)	*Purcell.*
CONCERTO 4th.	(*Oboe.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Falsa imagine.	(*Otho.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. Fall'n is the foe.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Se pur cara.	(*Alceste.*)	*Gluck.*
CHORUS. Around let acclamations.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

MY arms—Against this GORGIAS will I go;
The IDUMEAN Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While Rage his leader, and JEHOVAH mine.

SONG.

Sound an alarm.—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around.
Who listeth, follow.——To the field again.——
Justice with courage, is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear, the pleasing dreadful call:
And follow thee to conquest.—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

O worse than death indeed; lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.——

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 1st. *Corelli.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. *Jomelli.*

Ah perchè fra' que' ceppi anch'io non sono!
Non perdiamo i momenti. Ormai raccolti
Forse saranno i Padri. Alla tua fede
Della Patria il decoro,
La mia pace abbandono, e l'onor mio.
Addio, gloria del Tebro.
Amico, Addio.

SONG.

Oh qual fiamma di gloria, d'onore
Scorrer sento per tutte le vene,
Alma grande, parlando con te.

CHORUS. (BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

See from his post EUPHRATES flies,
The stream withdraws his guardian wave,
Fenceless the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
Thy charge to hostile arms a prey?
Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
Prepare the fierce invaders way,
And, like false man, thy trust betray?
EUPHRATES hath his task fulfill'd,
But to divine decree must yield,
While BABEL, queen of cities, reign'd,
Her flood, her guardian, was ordain'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, like false man,
Thy trust betray?
Now to superior pow'r give place,
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
Falsehood is found in man alone.

DUET. Sig. VIGANONI and Madame BANTI.

Vinci.

Arbace. Tu vuoi ch'io viva ò cara!
Ma se mi nieghi amore,
Cara mi fai morir.
Mand. Oh Dio! che pena amara!
Ti basti il mio rossore,
Più non ti posso dir.
Arb. Sentimi
Mand. - - - no
Arb. - - - tu sei
Mand. Parti, parti dagl'occhi miei,
Arb. Cara
Mand. - - Lasciami per pietà
Due. Quando finisce oh Dei!
La vostra crudeltà?
Arb. Cara mi fai morir.
Mand. Più non ti posso dir,
Due. Quando finisce oh Dei!
La vostra crudeltà?
Se in così gran dolore,
D'affanno, non si muore.
Qual pena ucciderà? *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
JEHOVAH rules the world in state,
Great DAGON rules the world in state,
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Remain in steadfast gaze.
Great DAGON is, of Gods, the first and last.
JEHOVAH is, of Gods, the first and last.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (PTOLOMY.) *Handel.*

SCENE. (FROM MILTON'S MORNING HYMN.)

Galliard.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
Almighty!
Thine this universal frame, thus wond'rous fair;
Thyself how wond'rous then!——

Mrs. HARRISON.

——————————— Unspeakable!
Who sitt'st above the Heavens, to us invisible,
Or dimly seen in these thy lowest works;
Yet these declare thy goodness beyond thought;
And power divine!

Mr. HARRISON.

——————————— Speak ye, who best can tell,
Ye Sons of light, ANGELS, for ye behold him:

AIR.

And with songs, and choral symphonies,
Day, without night, circle his throne, rejoicing.

DUET and CHORUS.

Ye in Heaven, on Earth, join all ye creatures
To extol HIM first, HIM last, HIM midst,
And without end! ——

SCENE. (FROM KING ARTHUR.) *Purcell.*

SONG.

Hither, hither this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend;
Those are false deluding lights,
Wafted far and near by sprites;
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye,
And in bogs and marshes leave ye.

CHORUS.

Hither, hither this way bend,

SONG.

If you step, no danger thinking,
Down you fall a furlong sinking;
'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye,
Name but Heav'n and he'll avoid ye,

CHORUS.

Hither, hither this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend.

SONG.

Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye,
From your prey and from your glory ;
Too far, alas! he has betray'd ye,
Follow the flames that wave before ye,
Sometimes sev'n and sometimes one,
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

See the foot-steps plain appearing,
That way OSWALD chose for flying;
Firm is the turf and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly dews are lying;
Far he cannot hence be gone,
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

CHORUS.

Hither, hither this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend.

CONCERTO 4th. (OBOE.) *Handel.*

SONG. Sig. VIGANONI. (OTHO.) *Handel.*

Falsa imagine m'ingannasti,
Mi mostrasti un volto amabile
E quel volto m'allettò;
Or cessato il dolce inganno,
Trovo orrore, trovo affanno,
Ove gioja il cor sperò. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Fall'n is the foe; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
When warlike JUDAS wields his righteous sword.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Se pur cara è a me la vita,
E per tè mio dolce amor;
Ah per te mi sia rapita
E morrò felice allor.

T' amerò sino alla morte,
Fin colà fra l'ombre eterne,
D'una tenera consorte,
Trionfar vedrassi il cor.

CHORUS. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Around let acclamations ring,
Hail royal youth, long live the King.

SOLO. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Reviving JUDAH shall no more
Detested images adore;
We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
Idolatry from out the land:
May GOD, from whom all mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King!

GRAND CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King!

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. This day a solemn.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. Awake, the trumpet.		
DUET and CHORUS. O never.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Odi grand ombra.		*De Maio.*
CONCERTO 11th.	(*Grand.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Non la pioggia impetuosa.		*Jomelli.*
CHORUS. He gave them.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Rasserena il mesto.		*Gluck.*
ANTHEM. My heart is inditing.		*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th.	(*from his Sonatas.*)	*Martini.*
SONG. Gentle airs.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
SCENE in BONDUCA.		*Purcell.*
CONCERTO 10th.		*Corelli.*
MADRIGAL. Let me careless.		*Linley.*
SONG. Tears, such as.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. Doleful tidings.		
RECIT. accomp. Alma del.	(*Julius Cæsar.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Pensieri funesti.		
CHORUS. Worthy is the Lamb.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

THIS day, a solemn feast to DAGON held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest; to breathe heav'ns air, fresh-blowing, pure,
And sweet.——

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When DAGON, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master WALMSLEY.
(JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone :
But ever worship ISRAEL'S God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone :
We worship GOD, and GOD alone.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *De Maio.*

Odi grand ombra, e placati,
Qual flebile contento,
Fan d'Alessandro i gemiti,
Al Publico lamento
Che mai non può mentir!
Oimé! che a tante lagrime,
Ai doni, alle preghiere,
Sorde sù gli aspri cardini,
D'Aide le porte nere,
Più non si sanno aprir!

CONCERTO 11th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. *Jomelli.*

Non la pioggia impetuosa,
Ma tranquilla e rugiadosa,
Mentre bagna la compagna
Alimenta la speranza
Del felice Agricoltor.
Cosi dal Regno
Divien sostegno
Lieta pace, e saggio amor:
Non lo sdegno, e la baldanza
Di superbo vincitor. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He gave them hailstones for rain; fire mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Rasserena il mesto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fausta sorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in vesture of gold; and the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. (FROM HIS SONATAS.) *Martini.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

GENTLE airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe:—
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly soothe her as you flow.

Da Capo.

SCENE FROM BONDUCA. *Purcell.*

CHORUS.

Hear us, great RUGWITH, hear our pray'rs;
  Defend, defend thy BRITISH isle,
Revive our hopes, disperse our fears,
  Nor let thine altars be the Roman spoil:

Descend, ye pow'rs divine, descend,
  In chariots of ætherial flame,
And touch the altars you defend;
  O save us, save our nation and our name.

AIR. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Hear! ye Gods of Britain, hear us this day,
Let us not fall the Roman eagle's prey;
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Divine ANDATE! President of war,
The fortune of the day declare,—
Shall we to the Romans yield?
Or shall each arm that wields a spear,
Strike it through a massy shield,
And dye with Roman blood the field?

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN,

and CHORUS.

To arms! your ensigns straight display,
Now set the battle in array;
The Oracle for war declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.
Britons, strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs,
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

CONCERTO 10th. *Corelli.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, BARTLEMAN, and SALE.

T. Linley.

Let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute;
And the more tuneful birds replying,
Till my DELIA with her heav'nly song
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing among.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend
For joy, to think when I am dead,
My son will have mankind his friend.

CHORUS.

Doleful tidings, how ye wound,
Despair and death, are in that sound.

RECIT. accomp. Madame BANTI.

(JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

Alma del gran Pompeo.
Che al cener suo d'intorno,
Invisibil t'aggiri,
Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
Ombra la tua grandezza, e un ombra sei.
Cosi termina al fine il fasto umano;
Jer, chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
Oggi, rivolto in polve, un urna serra:
Tal di ciascuno, ahi lasso!
Il principio è di terra, e il fine un sasso.
Misera vita! o quanto è fral tuo stato!
Ti forma un soffio, e ti distrugge un fiato.

SONG.

Piangero la sorte mia
Si crudele e tanto ria
Finchè vita in petto avrò
Ma poi morta d' ogni intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterò.
Piangerò, &c. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us unto God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Ariadne.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. A virtuous wife.	(*Susanna.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Non vi piacque.	(*Siroe.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. O God who in thy.	(*Joseph.*)	*Handel.*
TRIO. The flocks shall.	(*Acis & Galatea.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st.	(*Grand.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. Venus laughing.	(*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Verdi prati.	(*Alcina.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. accomp. Jehovah crown'd.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. He comes.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(*Deidamia.*)	*Handel.*
FROST SCENE.	(*King Arthur.*)	*Purcell.*
SONG. O come let us worship.	(*Anthem.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. The cause is decided.	(*Susanna.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. To judgment soon.	(*Susanna.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. If guiltless blood.	(*Susanna.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 4th. Op. 4.		*Avison.*
CHORUS. Lift up your heads.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi.		*Metastasio.*
SONG. Rejoice, O Judah.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. Hallelujah.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ARIADNE.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

A VIRTUOUS Wife shall soften fortune's frown,
She's far more precious than a golden crown.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SIROE.) *Handel.*

Non vi piacque, ingiusti Dei
Ch'io nascessi pastorella;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un' agnella,
Che l' affetto d'un pàstor.

CHORUS. (JOSEPH.) *Handel.*

O GOD, who in thy heav'nly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy JACOB, and his land,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O LORD, we trust alone in thee.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr. SALE. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Acis & Galat. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
E'er I forsake my love.

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polypheme. Torture, fury, rage, despair!
I cannot, cannot bear;
Fly, thou massy ruin, fly,
Die, presumptuous ACIS, die.

CONCERTO 1st. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

VENUS, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries;
When seizing the treasure,
We revel in pleasure,
And revenge sweet love supplies.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

Verdi prati, e selve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto.
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. accomp. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

(ESTHER.) *Handel,*

JEHOVAH, crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light;
Whose ministers are flames of fire;
Arise, and execute thine ire!

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod;
JACOB arise! and meet thy God.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (DEIDAMIA.) *Handel.*

FROST SCENE. (KING ARTHUR.) *Purcell.*

CUPID.

WHAT ho! thou Genius of this isle! what ho!
Ly'st thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?
What ho! stretch out thy lazy limbs; awake!
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

COLD GENIUS.

What power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise, unwillingly and slow,
From beds of everlasting snow?
Sees't thou not how stiff, and wond'rous old,
Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move, or draw my breath;
Let me freeze again to death.

CUPID.

Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
  At Love's appearing,
  All the sky clearing,
The stormy winds their fury spare.
Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
  Winter subduing,
  And spring renewing,
My beams create a more glorious spring.
Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?

COLD GENIUS.

Great Love! I know thee now!
Eldest of the Gods art thou!
Heaven and earth by thee were made;
Human nature
Is thy creature,
Every where art thou obey'd.

CUPID.

'Tis I that have warm'd you,
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together;
'Tis I that have warm'd you.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love that has warm'd us;
In spite of cold weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love that has warm'd us.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O come let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the LORD our Maker:

For HE is the Lord our God, and we are the sheep of his pasture, and the people of his hand.

O come let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the LORD our Maker.

CHORUS. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

The cause is decided, the Sentence decreed,
SUSANNA is guilty—SUSANNA must bleed.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

To judgment soon th' ill-fated beauty lead;
Ah! would these eyes had ne'er beheld the deed!

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON.

If guiltless blood be your intent,
I here resign it all;
Fearless of death, as innocent,
I triumph in my fall:
And, if to fate my days must run,
Oh, righteous heav'n! thy will be done!

CONCERTO 4th. Op. 4. *Avison.*

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Parole e Musica di Metastasio.*

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro o Nice!
Alfin d'un' infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci suoi,
Sento che l'alma è sciolta;
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà.
Io lascio un' incostante;
Tu perdi un cor sincero:
Non so di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a consolar.
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice:
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E' facile a trovar.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

(JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Rejoice, O JUDAH, and in songs divine,
With cherubim and seraphim harmonious join.

HALLELUJAH! Amen.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithſtanding their Names had remained upon the Liſt of Subscribers after the Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances, it is found necessary to declare, that any Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square,* previous to the Firſt of *January*, 1798, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 27th, 1797.

(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Alcina.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Your harps and cymbals. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Lode agli Dei. } (*L'Alessandro nell' Indie.*) *Bach.*
DUET. Se mai. }
CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis. *Pergolesi.*
CONCERTO 2d. (*Oboe.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Pleasure, my former. (*Time & Truth.*) *Handel.*
SCENE. Already, see. (*Saul.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Allor che il vento. *Hasse.*
CHORUS. The Lord shall. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE. }
RECIT. 'Twas at the royal. } (*Alexander's Feast*) *Handel*
SONG & CHORUS. Happy. }
MADRIGAL. Sola soletta. *G. Converso.*
RECIT. accomp. The good we. } (*Samson.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Thy glorious deeds. }
VERSE, and CHORUS. O Lord, our. *Marcello.*
CONCERTO 4th. *Corelli.*
RECIT. and CHORUS. From Harmony. } *Handel.*
(*Dryden's Ode.*) }
SONG. Dove sei. (*Rodelinda.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Gloria Patri. (*Jubilate.*) *Handel.*

The NINTH CONCERT *will be on* Wednesday, April 26.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

YOUR harps, and cymbals sound
To great JEHOVAH's praise:
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing voices raise.

SCENA. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON.

(L'ALESSANDRO NELL 'INDIE.) *J. C. Bach.*

RECITATIVO. *Poro, e Cleofide.*

Poro. Lode agli Dei. Son persuaso alfine
Della tua fedeltà.
Cleo. Lode agli Dei,
Poro di me si fida,
Più geloso non è.
Poro. Dov'è, chi dice,
Che un femminil pensiero
Dell'aura è piu leggiero?
Cleo. Ov'è, chi dice,
Che piu del mare un sospettoso amante
E' torbido, e inconstante?
Io non lo credo.
Poro. Ed io.
No 'l posso dir.
Cleo. Mi disinganna assai,
Poro. Mi convince abbastanza.
Cleo. La placidezza tua.
Poro. La tua costanza.
Cleo. Ricordo il giuramento.
Poro. La promessa rammento.
Cleo. Si conosce.
Poro. Si vede.
Cleo. Che placido amator!
Poro. Che bella fede!

DUETTO.

Poro. Se mai turbo il tuo riposo,
Se m'accendo ad altro lume,
Pace mai non abbia il cor.
Cleo. Se mai piu sarò geloso,
Mi punisca il sacro Nume,
Che dell' India è Domator.
Poro. Infedel, questo è l'amore?
Cleo. Mensogner, questa è la fede?
a. 2. { Chi non crede al mio dolore,
Che lo possa un dì provar.
Poro. Per chi perdo, o giusti Dei
Il riposo de' miei giorni!
Cleo. A chi mai gli affetti miei
Giusti Dei serbai fin' ora!
a. 2. { Ah si mora,
E non si torni
Poro. Per l'ingrata a sospirar.
Cleo. Per l'ingrato a sospirar.

CHORUS. *Pergolesi.*

Gloria in excelsis; Deo gloria
Et in terra pax.
Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

CONCERTO 2d. (OBOE.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (TIME AND TRUTH.)
Handel.

Pleasure, my former ways resigning,
To Virtue's cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave:—
Lest when my spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor sickness comfort give. *Da Capo.*

SCENE. (FROM SAUL.) *Handel.*

SINFONIA.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Michal. Already, see the daughters of the land
In joyful dance, with instruments of music,
Come to congratulate your victory.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome mighty king,
Welcome all who conquest bring:
Welcome DAVID, warlike boy,
Author of our present joy;
SAUL, who hast thy thousands slain,
Welcome to thy friends again:
DAVID his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Saul. What do I hear?—am I then sunk so low
To have this upstart boy preferr'd before me?

FULL CHORUS.

DAVID his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Hasse.*

Allor che il vento freme
Sembra che irata l'onda
Corra a inondar la sponda
Fugga di seno al mar.

Ma giunta al lido appresso
Torna nel mare istesso
Placida a riposar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of PHARAOH went in with his chariots, and with his horsemen into the sea. And the LORD brought again the waters of the sea upon them: but the children of ISRAEL went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And MIRIAM the prophetess, the sister of AARON, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances: and MIRIAM answer'd them,

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath HE thrown into the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously.
The horse and his rider hath HE thrown into the sea.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for PERSIA won
By PHILIP'S warlike son,
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely THAIS by his side
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

SONG.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Master WALMSLEY, Messrs. KNYVETT, HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN.

G. Converso.

Sola, soletta io me ne vo cantando,
Ed ho via il core più freddo che giaccio
E vo' d'amor spregiando ogni suo laccio.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(SAMSON.) *Handel.*

" The good we wish for, often proves our bane,
" I pray'd for children—and I gain'd a son—
" And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy;
" But who'd be now a father in my stead?
" The blessing drew a scorpion's tail behind:
" This plant (select and sacred for a while,
" The miracle of all!) was in one hour ensnar'd,
" Assaulted, overcome, led bound—
" His foes derision—captive—
" Poor and blind."

SONG.

Thy glorious deeds inspir'd my tongue,
  Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow;
To sorrows now I tune my song,
  And set my harp to notes of woe.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

Marcello.

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy name, in all the world.

AIR. Mr. HARRISON.

I will consider thy heavens; even the work of thy Almighty hands: the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

What is a mortal, O JEHOVAH! that thou art mindful of him? and the son of a mortal, that thou visitest him?

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy name, in all the world.

CONCERTO 4th. *Corelli.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.)

Handel.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.

RECIT. accomp.

When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head;
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap, and Music's pow'r obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began;
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (RODELINDA.) *Handel.*

Dove sei, amato bene?
Vieni l'alma a consolar.
Son oppressa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te posso bear. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (JUBILATE.) *Handel.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

The NINTH CONCERT *will be on* Wednesday, April 26*th.*

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after the Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1798, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 27th, 1797.

(No. 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1797.

ACT I.

OPENING & CHORUS. We praise thee, O God. } (*Dettingen Te Deum*) *Handel.*
DUET. As steals the morn. (*Il Moderato.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st. (*from his Solos.*) *Geminiani.*
RECIT. O loss of sight.
SONG. Total eclipse.
CHORUS. O first created.
SONG. Honour and arms. } (*Samson.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Sorprendermi vorresti. *Hasse.*
CHORUS. The many. (*Alexander's Feast.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE & MARCH. (*Richard the First.*) *Handel.*
SONG. O magnify the Lord. (*Anthem.*) *Handel.*
DUET. The Lord is a man of. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Wretched lovers. (*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. (*Grand.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Non so d'onde. *Bach.*
QUARTET. Where the bee sucks. (*Tempest.*) } *Arne & Jackson.*
RECIT. Nel chiuso centro.
SONG. Euridice, e dove sei. } (*Cantata.*) *Pergolesi.*
CHORUS. From the censer. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

ACT I.

OPENING and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.) *Handel.*

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee; the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy glory.

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON. (IL MODERATO.)

Handel.

As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth doth fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

CONCERTO 1st. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

O loss of sight! of thee I most complain!
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains;
My very soul in real darkness dwells.

SONG.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and ſtars are dark to me!

CHORUS.

O first created beam, and thou great word!
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball!
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Honour and arms scorn such a foe;
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,
Poor victory,
To conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow.
Vanquish a slave that is half slain!
So mean a triumph I disdain. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Hasse.*

Sorprendermi vorresti
Nume dell' alme imbelle;
Ma in vano a me favelli;
Nume non sei per me.
Al alma mia disciolta
In van catene appresti:
Fra suoi rigori in volta
Scherno farà di te. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (RICHARD THE FIRST.)

Handel.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O Magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy hill. For the Lord our God is holy.

DUET. Mr. SALE and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The Lord is a man of war—Lord is his name—Pharaoh's chariots, and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.

CHORUS. (ACIS and GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Wretched lovers, fate has past
This sad decree; no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run fright'ned to the shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

CONCERTO 6th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *Bach.*

Non so d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi và.
Sono a destarmi
Sì fieri contrasti,
Non parmi che basti
La sola pietà. *Da Capo.*

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Master WALMSLEY,
Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(TEMPEST.) *Arne and Jackson.*

Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's beam
From the presence of the sun,
Follow darkness as a dream:
Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire;—
Merrily, merrily shall we live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. *Pergolesi.*

Nel chiuso centro, ove ogni luce assonna,
Allor che pianse in compagnià
D'Amore, della smerrita donna
Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,
Giunse di tracia il Vate.
Al suo dolore qui sciolse il freno,
A rintracciar pietate:
E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti,
Al alme sventurate,
Sulla cetra narrando i suoi tormenti,
Temprò la pena, e debellò lo sdegno.
Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

SONG.

Euridice! e dove sei!
Chi m'ascolta? chi m'addita?
Dov' è 'il sol degl' occhi miei?
Chi farà che torni in vita;
Chi al mio cor la renderà?

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

(SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's son;
Live, live for ever, might Solomon.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithſtanding their Names had remained upon the Liſt of Subscribers after the Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the Firſt of *January*, 1798, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 27th, 1797.

(No. 10.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord Viscount MALDEN.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Pastor Fido* 2d.)	*Handel.*
RECIT. accomp. O Judah, Judah. SONG. O Lord, whom we adore. CHORUS. Hear from thy mercies.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. acc. Breathe soft ye gales. SONG. Watchful angels, let her.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. Envy, eldest born of hell.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. The people at. SONG. He was brought.	(*Redemption.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 9th.		*Corelli.*
SONG. Softly rise. CHORUS. Ye southern breezes.	(*Solomon*)	*Dr. Boyce.*
SONG. Un guardo solo.	(*Deidamia.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. acc. But bright Cecilia. AIR and CHORUS. As from.	(*Dryden's Ode*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st.	(*Oboe.*)	*Handel.*
ANTHEM. Hear my prayer.		*Kent.*
RECIT. The mighty master. SONG. Softly sweet.	(*Alexander's Feast*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. By slow degrees.	(*Belshazzar.*)	*Handel.*
SCENE.	(*from the Tempest.*)	*Purcell.*
DUET & CHORUS. Sion now.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*
RECIT. Berenice ove sei. SONG. Ombra, che pallida.	(*Lucio Vero.*)	*Jomelli.*
CORONATION ANTHEM. Zadock, the.		*Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (PASTOR FIDO 2d.) *Handel.*

RECIT. accomp. Mr. W. KNYVETT.
(ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

O JUDAH, Judah, chosen seed,
To what sad woes art thou decreed!
How are thy sacred feasts profan'd!
Thy rights with vile pollution stain'd:
Proud Athalia's impious hand,
Sheds desolation thro' the land;
Bids strange unhallow'd altars flame,
And proudly braves Jehovah's name.

SONG.

O Lord whom we adore,
Shall Judah rise no more;
Can this be thy decree?
Hear from thy mercy seat,
The groans thy tribes repeat,
The sighs they breathe to thee.

CHORUS.

Hear from thy mercy seat,
The groans thy tribes repeat,
The sighs they breathe to thee.

RECIT. acc. Mrs. HARRISON. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

Breathe soft, ye gales, ye rills in silence roll,
And heav'nly peace reside in Esther's soul.

SONG.

Watchful Angels, let her share
Your indulgent, daily care.

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Envy, eldest born of hell,
Cease in human breast to dwell:
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining.
God and man by thee infested,
Thou by God and man detested;
Most thyself thou dost torment,
At once the crime and punishment.
Hide thee in the blackest night,
Virtue sickens at the sight;
Hence, eldest born of hell,
Cease in human breast to dwell.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (REDEMPTION.)
Handel.

The people at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which were read every Sabbath-day, they ave fulfilled them, in condemning him.

SONG.

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep to the sacrifice, yet he opened not his mouth; when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 9th. *Corelli.*

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SOLOMON.) *Dr. Boyce.*

Softly rise, O southern breeze,
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes, gently blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (DEIDAMIA.) *Handel.*

Un guardo solo pupille amate
Conforto al duolo: deh! non negate
Ma un guardo O core in cui favilla
D'amor la face:
Ogn' altro sguardo che a me volgete
E freddo e tardo: deh! mi rendete
Pietose vezzose al cor la pace. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.

(DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n:
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above:
So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. (OBOE.) *Handel.*

ANTHEM. *Kent.*

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master WALMSLEY.

HEAR my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my petition.

AIR.

Take heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my prayer, and am vexed.

RECIT.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

DUET and CHORUS.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away, and be at rest.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The mighty master smil'd to see,
That Love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

SONG.

Softly sweet in lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

CHORUS. (BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

By slow degrees the wrath of God to its meridian
height ascends,
There mercy long the dreadful bolt suspends,
Ere it offending man annoy:
Long patient, for repentance waits; reluctant to destroy.
At length the wretch, obdurate grown,
Infatuated, makes the ruin all his own;
And ev'ry step he takes, on his devoted head
Precipitates the thunder down.

SCENE from the TEMPEST. *Purcell.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And there take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark!
The watch dogs bark;
Hark! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this cursed place;
While thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.

SONG. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones is coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell,

DUET and CHORUS. Mrs. HARRISON and Master WALMSLEY. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Sion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise,

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (LUCIO VERO.)

Jomelli.

Berenice, ove sei?
Qual lugubre apparato
Di Spavento, e di lutto:
Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
Reggio dolente e fiera?
Forse quì di Tieste
Si rinovan le Cene? o langue il giorno
Fuggitivo così, perche tra queste
Soglie funeste, oh Dio!
Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio?
Ohimè sogno o son desta?
Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
Del moribondo Sposo?—ahi son pur questi
Gemiti di chi langue;
Singulti di chi spira.—E quell' oscura
Caligine profonda,
De là s'inalza, e mostra
Non so qual simulacro a gli occhi miei—
Quella—si quella—oh Dei gia la ravviso,
E del mio Volageso
L'ombra mesta e dolente!
Ah! barbaro tiranno,
Il mio sposo uccidesti,
Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai quì soggiorno;
Larva che squalida
Mi giri intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice;
In Berenice, no, pace non v'è.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

Zadock the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced, and said, God save the king—long live the king—may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after the Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1798, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 27th, 1797.

(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS.

For Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Hercules.*)	*Handel.*
CHORUS. He spake.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. Siam navi all'onde.		*Leo.*
DUET. Cease thy anguish.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 4th.	(*from his Solos.*)	*Geminiani.*
SCENE from KING ARTHUR. Woden, first to thee.		*Purcell.*
MADRIGAL. Since first I saw.		*Ford.*
CHORUS. The depths.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
SONG. L'augeletto in lacci.		*Piccini.*
CHORUS. Avert these omens.	(*Semele.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

FIRST MOVEMENT.	(*Te Deum.*)	*Graun.*
SONG. A morir.		*D. Majo.*
PASTORAL SYMPHONY. RECIT. There were shepherds. CHORUS. Glory to God.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
PORTUGUEZE HYMN. Adeste fideles.		
CONCERTO 9th.		*Geminiani Corelli.*
SONG. In my distress.		*Marcello.*
SONG. Se possono tanto		*S. Bach.*
TRIO. Ye that in waters glide. CHORUS. Join voices.		*Galliard.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (HERCULES.) *Handel,*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

HE spake the word, and there came all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters.

And the locusts came without number, and devoured the fruits of the ground.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *Leo.*

Siam navi all'onde algenti,
Lasciate in abbandono,
Impetuosi venti,
I 'nostri affetti sono:
Ogni diletto è scoglio,
Tutta la vita è mar.
Ben qual nocchiero
A noi veglia ragion,
Mà poi pur dall' ondoso orgoglio
Si lascia trasportar. *Da Capo.*

DUET. Mr. W. KNYVETT, and Mrs. HARRISON.

(ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Cease thy anguish, smile once more,
Let thy tears no longer flow;
Judah's God, whom we adore,
Soon to joy will change thy woe.
All his mercies I review,
Gladly, with a grateful heart,
And I trust he will renew,
Blessings he did once impart.
Whate'er this tyrant may decree,
Returning joys we soon shall see.

CONCERTO. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

SCENE from KING ARTHUR. *Purcell.*

PRIEST.

WODEN, first to thee,
A milk-white steed, in battle won,
We have sacrific'd.

CHORUS.

We have sacrific'd.

PRIEST.

Let our next oblation be
To Thor, thy thund'ring Son,
Of such another.

CHORUS.

We have sacrific'd.

PRIEST.

A third (of Friezland breed was he)
To Woden's wife, and Thor's mother;
And now we have aton'd all three.

CHORUS.

We have sacrific'd.

PRIESTS.

The white horse neighs aloud,
To Woden thanks we render:
To Woden we have vow'd,
To Woden, our defender.

CHORUS.

To Woden thanks we render;
To Woden, our defender.

PRIEST.

The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas'd;
Of mortal cares you shall be eas'd.

CHORUS.

Brave souls, to be renown'd in story.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd
To honor and renown you;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, no! my heart is fast
And cannot disentangle.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The depths have cover'd them; they sank into the bottom as a stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Piccini.*

L'augelletto in lacci stretto
Perche mai cantar s'ascolta?
Perche spera un' altra volta
Ritornare in libertà
Nel conflitto sanguinoso
Quel guerrier perchè non geme?
Perchè gode colla speme
Quel riposo che non hà:

CHORUS. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs!
Some god, averse, our holy rites controls;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
And Jove himself descends in show'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

FIRST MOVEMENT. (Te Deum.) *Graun.*

CHORUS.

TE Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur, Te æternum Patrem, omnis terra, veneratur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et universæ potestates: Tibi cherubim et seraphim incessabili voce proclamant.

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloria tuæ.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Di Majo.

A morir se mi condanna,
La tiranna ingrata sorte;
Ah! si cada almen da forte,
Senza un' ombra di viltà.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

There were shepherds, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

RECIT. Accompanied.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid:

RECIT.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord

RECIT. Accomp.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

HYMN on the NATIVITY. The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON, Master WALMSLEY, Messrs. HARRISON, NIELD, KNYVETTS, SALE, and BARTLEMAN.

Adeste fideles læti triumphantes
Venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte regem angelorum
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo lumen de lumine
Gestant puella viscera
Deum verum genitum non factum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

CONCERTO 9th. *Geminiani Corelli.*

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Marcello.*

In my distress I called upon the Lord Jehovah: and cried unto my God.

SONG. Madame BANTI.

Se possono tanto,
Due luci vezzose,
Son degne di pianto,
Le furie gelose,
D'un' alma infelice,
D'un povero cor.

TRIO. Mrs. and Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Galliard.*

Ye that in waters glide; and ye that walk
The earth, or stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent morn or ev'n,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

CHORUS.

Join voices all ye living souls: ye birds
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after the Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1798, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Sighed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 27th, 1797.

(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1797.

ACT I.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8. *Martini.*
RECIT. accomp. Ye happy people. } (*Alcides.*) *Handel.*
VERSE & CHORUS. Triumph. }
RECIT. It must be so. }
SONG. Pour forth no more. } (*Jephthah*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. No more to Ammon's. }
SONG. Intendo il tuo. *Hasse.*
CONCERTO 7th. *Corelli.*
CANTATA. See from the silent. *Dr. Pepusch.*
CHORUS. He rebuked the. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Ti parla in seno. *Perez.*
RECIT. accomp. Thus, saith. } (*Belshazzer.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Sing, O ye heav'ns. }

ACT II.

OVERTURE. }
RECIT. accomp. Comfort ye my. } (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Every valley. }
CHORUS. And the glory. }
DUET. Te ergo quæsumus. (*Te Deum.*) *Graun.*
CHORUS. Blest be the hand. (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. (*from his Solos.*) *Geminiani.*
CHORUS. All we like sheep. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Non vi turbate nò. (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*
ANTHEM. The King shall rejoice. *Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8. *Martini.*

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. (ALCIDES.)
Handel,

YE happy people, with loud accents speak
Your grateful joy in hymenæan verse:
Admetus and Alceste claim the song!

VERSE and CHORUS.

Triumph Hymen in the pair,
Thus united,
Thus delighted,
Brave the one, the other fair.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

It must be so: or these vile Ammonites
(Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years)
Will crush the race of Israel.———
Since heaven vouchsafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader, as before,
Ourselves must chuse; and who so fit a man
As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephthah?
True, we have slighted, scorn'd, expelled him hence,
As of a stranger born; but well I know him:
His generous soul disdains a mean revenge,
When his distressful country calls his aid;
And, perhaps, Heaven may favour our request,
If with repentant hearts, we sue for mercy.

SONG.

Pour forth no more unheeded prayers
To idols deaf and vain,
No more with vile unhallow'd airs
The sacred rites prophane. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
In dismal dance around the furnace blue.
Chemosh no more
Will we adore
With timbrel'd anthems to Jehovah due.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. *Hasse.*

Intendo il tuo timore,
Comprendo il tuo amore
Ma, fidati ben mio
Alla mia fideltà.
Dell' amor tuo l'ardore,
Da forza a questo core,
E sempre l'amor mio
A te fedel sarà. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 7th. *Corelli.*

CANTATA. *Dr. Pepusch.*

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

See! from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing art,
To ease the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart:
To shining theatres he now repairs
To learn Camilla's moving airs;
Where thus to music's pow'r,
The swain addressd his pray'rs.

AIR.

Charming sounds that sweetly languish!
Music, O compose my anguish!
Every passion yields to thee;
Phœbus quickly then relieve me,
Cupid shall no more deceive me,
I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECIT.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t'asswage an am'rous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd;
All his healing herbs how vain:
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings.

AIR.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee,
Do not shepherd then deceive thee,
Music is the voice of love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting, kind consenting,
Will alone thy pain remove. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He rebuked the red Sea, and it was dried up.
He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness.
But the waters overwhelmed their enemies; there was not one of them left.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (FARNACE.) *Perez.*

Ti parla in seno amore
Per l'innocente figlio;
Ma ti favelli al core
L'offesa maestà.
Alla pria che fra ritorte
Sia nel vicin periglio,
Guidalo in braccio a morte;
Questa è per lui pietà.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(BELSHAZZER.) *Handel.*

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue
Nations before him: I will go before thee,
To loose the strong-knit loins of mighty kings,
Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder
The bars of iron. For my servants sake,
Isr'el my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
I have surnam'd thee: I have girded thee;
That from the rising to the setting sun
The nations may confess I am the Lord,
There is none else, there is no God besides me.
Thou shalt perform my pleasure, to Jerusalem
Saying, "Thou shalt be built;" and to the Temple,
"Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it:
  Earth from thy centre shout:
Break forth, ye mountains, into songs of joy:
O forests, and each tree therein,
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himself in Israel.

Hallelujah. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem: and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplifhed, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that cryeth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

DUET. Mr. NIELD and Mrs. HARRISON.

(Te Deum.) *Graun.*

Te, ergo quæsumus famulis tuis subveni, quos pretioso sanguine redemesti.

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

Blest be the hand, and blest the pow'r,
That in the dark and dang'rous hour,
Sav'd thee from cruel strife,
Lord, favour still the kind intent,
And bless thy gracious instrument,
With liberty and life.

CONCERTO 6th. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Non vi turbate, nò
Pietosi Dei!
Se a voi m' involerò
Qualche momento.
Anche senza il rigor
De' voti miei,
Io morirò d'amor;
E di contento.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Glory, and great worship hast thou laid upon him; thou hast prevented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his head.

HALLELUJAH!

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after the Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1798, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 27th, 1797.